The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1801. [NO. X.

TO THE PATRONS OF
The Lady's Monitor.

FINDING my time and attention too much engrossed by other avocations; and desirous that the public should have strict justice done them, I have disposed of the establishment of THE LADY'S MONITOR to Mr. P. HEARD, who will devote his attention to it. It was ever my intention to conduct this publication on liberal principles, and adapt it to the various tastes of my readers; but as I have already mentioned, I found I could not bestow that attention to it, which a work of this nature requires.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL is too lengthy to be published in the manner it has been heretofore. It will shortly be printed in a neat, duodecimo volume, and furnished to the subscribers for the MONITOR, at a liberal discount from its price to the public.

The rapid increase of subscribers to THE LADY'S MONITOR, will be a lasting consolation to me; and exhibit the fallacy of the charge made against us by Europeans, that "the Americans have no taste for literature." For so young a country as this, America has, perhaps, produced as many philosophers, and learned men, as any country in the world.

Having little more to add, but my good wishes for the continued increase of publications of this nature; and my best wishes for the health and happiness of the subscribers to the MONITOR,

I subscribe myself,
Their most obliged, and
Humble servant,
I. N. RALSTON.

New-York, October 10, 1801.

TO THE PATRONS OF
The Lady's Monitor.

HAVING purchased the establishment of THE LADY'S MONITOR, our readers are, no doubt, willing to be informed of the plan upon which it will be hereafter conducted.

Being desirous that persons, of almost every description....of different views and opinions, should be gratified, as far as possible, variety will be our first consideration. Taste will vary....all will find something that may please.

Should we lay out to secure the approbation of a few, or of a particular class, our efforts might perhaps succeed to the extent of our wishes. No two persons will think alike on different subjects. Their speculations must stop when they arrive bounds prescribed to conjectured, that he [illegible] native of Pennsylvania by education. The occupations and pursuits which engage the attention of mankind, if they were numbered and distributed, might amount to some hundreds. Each of these has its votaries; and there are some who will listen, with curiosity and pleasure, to topics connected with each of these.

"We hope our readers may be disposed to make allowances for our defects. We wish, rather than HOPE it, for we know [illegible] much of the world, to believe that [illegible]OUR and FORBEARANCE are things [illegible] use. Our merits will be rigorously [illegible]nned....our defects eagerly blazoned....[illegible] our pretensions reluctantly admitted [illegible]very one will look for discussions [illegible] suit....the p[illegible] with their favourite pur- for a pleas[illegible]an for news....the novelist [illegible]ta[illegible]....the poet for elegies and sonn[illegible]...the [illegible]uralist for non-descripts...the chemist for aerial and CALORIC speculations....and, ten to one, but each will find us trite, brief, or superficial, and consign us to cobwebs and dust."

Notwithstanding this frightful prepossession, we are determined to persevere, and leave Time to discuss the merits of the work. From the assurances the Editor has received from persons of distinction, celebrated for their advancement in literature, together with his own exertion, he hopes to render THE LADY'S MONITOR an interesting and agreeable companion.

Our fair readers will here find a vehicle for the communication of such elucubrations as their situation and opportunities may enable them to bestow. As this work was begun, and continued, principally [illegible]y cu[illegible] view to instruct and amuse the fair that I [illegible] the day. Wh[illegible]honed th[illegible]oyed, I found time to steal glances at the visitant, and sex, [illegible] to note his features and ges- [illegible], will not all "found wanting" in their share of litera[illegible]ion. materials for its regular support.

The patrons of this work will be favoured with a biographical account of such persons as have, at any time, been conspicuous, either in a civil or military capacity.... in virtue or vice; that their virtues may be held up for admiration, while their vices may serve as a beacon in surrounding dangers.

THE LADY'S MONITOR will also contain, besides original essays, speculative pieces, &c. a selection of pieces of merit, from the latest London publications; together with extracts from the journals of modern travellers into the various countries of the world.

A part of the work will also be set apart for the weekly detail of amusements. The Theatres, the Gardens, and the various Concerts, will be noticed in succession.

ne fashions of London and Paris will e procured and inserted as speedily as possible.

Literary intelligence, from any part of our country, will be thankfully received. Printers and booksellers in this city are requested to give us notice of such works as they are, or may be, about publishing.

We shall not occupy our columns with details of battles or sieges; of murders, by the sword, or by famine....with accounts of the usurpations of governments by ambitious demagogues, or the destruction of monarchs by their own intrigues, or the craft and "skill" of ministers.

We shall not give a weekly detail of duels (of Congress-men or others), that may occur in our country....of the various forms of challenges, the names of seconds, or the length of the pistols of the duelists.

No advertisements shall be admitted into THE LADY'S MONITOR.

P. HEARD.

Fiction.

A LESSON ON CONCEALMENT;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF MARY SELWYN.

TO HENRY KIRVAN.

You will return, Harry, to an house of sorrow. Your presence will contribute to make my solitude less painful. I would, therefore intreat you to come back immediately: but there is something to be first settled before I can meet you with satisfaction, or even before I can permit you to return to me. I have had something on my mind to disclose, which I have brooded over occasionally ever since we parted, but which it is now absolutely necessary to mention.

You could not but be aware of the effect which some mysterious appearances in your behaviour, for a few days before you left us, were adapted to produce in me. I saw trouble in your countenance; your eyes betrayed some little reluctance to meet mine. This alone was not much. sometimes made me thoughtful, and to bour a kind of possibility that all was ght; but my uneasiness would have been transient, if the effect had not been aided by the deportment of my wife.

Harry! my Mary is dead....but you know it already....I must not forget my duty....I must remember what becomes a man.

You remember, on a Thursday evening, when I returned from the country, and, entering the room abruptly, found you in company with my wife. My entrance, it was plain, was unexpected to you both. It created....What shall I say?

My wife was disconcerted. She had been weeping. I never saw, before, traces of such deep sorrow. Never did she meet me before with marks of confusion or terror. I was thunder-struck. I was overpowered with dejection. I suspected nothing inconsistent with her integrity; but MY entrance had alarmed her. From ME there was something which she laboured to conceal. With ME she strove to keep dry eyes, and to seem happy; but with you she thought herself at liberty to weep.

I could not be deaf to that secret voice which said—This terror, this concealment, this duplicity, is not due to an husband such as I have been. I upbraided her not. I could derive no comfort from upbraiding. I could not discuss the subject with her. This evidence of her want of confidence in my discernment, affection or integrity, could not be made stronger.... could not be lessened by any words. She saw my distress, and her own was increased by perceiving it. The weight that hung upon her heart was too great to be borne. On the next day, and after a night of wakeful anguish, of which I was a silent observer, began that fever which hurried her to the grave.

For a time I indulged no forebodings of her fate. I deemed it a casual indisposition, which time and the usual remedies would conquer. I was quickly undeceived. Appearances grew hourly more dreadful, and the approach of death became too visible.

It was then that the spell of silence was broken, that I opened my eyes as if I had awakened in the grave. My fears for her life swallowed up every other fear, and I sought, with a vehemence that bordered upon frenzy, to extort from her the secret of her woe.

Serenity, however, resumed its place in her heart, in proportion as she felt the certainty of death. My claims, and the claims of her infant, lost all their force in her eyes. She left us without pity or regret. She refused to confide in me the cause of her anguish; while she did not conceal from me that my devotion or my happiness was not enough to make existence desirable. She has gone, and left me the bitterest portion of the wretched. The loss of her is not all that I have to deplore. She has left me the torments of doubt: terrors which assume no fixed shape: misgivings that haunt my repose, and embitter every cup that I taste.

Part of this misery I believe it to be in your power to remove. You held secret conferences with her. I now remember them; though, at the time, void as I was of suspicion, they escaped my notice. You shared with her her tears. It was only after your admission to the house, that smothered grief, mournful thoughtfulness, were ever visible in her demeanour. There is something, something behind this veil. Henry! my brother! what did she conceal from me.

Fear not to tell me the truth. It cannot be worse than my present doubts. These doubts I must not name, I must not harbour....yet I cannot dismiss them.

Tell me, Henry, for you know; tell me, I beseech thee, what is it that has killed my wife?

ANSWER.

How hard is the task which you have assigned to me! In such immature, such green youth as mine, it is impossible not to err, except by forbearance, I have not the wisdom requisite to make me act safely; and yet that, perhaps, was my fatal error. In believing passiveness and concealment most suitable to my inexperienced years, I have possibly cut short the days of your Mary. A single word, a remote hint, might have set your mind upon discovery. The moment that rent the veil might have re-established her felicity and your content.

It is now too late. She is snatched away from us for ever. The disclosure may now come: but whether it will enhance your misery or lessen it, I know not. Too surely it will not recall her from the grave. You shall know as much as is known to myself. You have doubts, you say; doubts indefinable and fearful. Alas! the image of your fear is unreal.

I need not dwell upon my own misfortunes, previous to my arrival on these shores. You are already sufficiently acquainted with them; and besides, they are not necessary to the end for which I now take up the pen: but, in order to affect this purpose, I must carry you back to the period of my arrival from France. Some events, previous to my entering your house, it is necessary to relate; but my relation shall be brief

When I first came on shore, at New-York, I had not a farthing in my pocket. Even my clothes were worn out, and my shoes would hardly stick to my feet. I I knew nobody, even by name, except the captain who brought me over. He was a generous spirit; and, suspecting my destitute condition, had invited me to his house. I was obliged to accept his kindness, though sorely unwilling to receive obligations of this kind, and which I was wholly unable to repay.

He had promised to speak for me to some merchant or trader of his acquaintance, who might want the services of such a lad as I. He knew one who had been in Europe, by name Haywood; a man of wealth and of liberal temper, to whom he had confidential letters. On delivering these, he would seize the opportunity of stating my wants and my merits.

The captain was not unmindful of his promise; and, next day, brought from Haywood an invitation to his house. I went thither, and was introduced to a man, about thirty years of age, of a very noble aspect, and captivating manners. He received me with great kindness, and, mentioning the captain's representations in my behalf, desired to know in what way he could be serviceable to me. He gave a patient ear to my story, which I related with all the sensibility which such recent and horrible disasters could not but produce. I described the condition of my parents while in England....the motives that induced them to migrate to America....the capture of the vessel by a French frigate.... our long and rigorous imprisonment at Brest, and its mournful consequences.

My father's melancholy, on the plunder of all his little property....all that the malice of fortune had left him, after the toils and cares of thirty years....all that could save him from nakedness and hunger in a foreign land...joined to the untimely death of his darling Jane, whom scanty and unwholesome food had contributed to destroy ....and to that pestilential atmosphere, which, during seven months, he was compelled to breathe, put a miserable end to his life.

My father's corpse was treated by our inhuman keepers, as my sister's had been a little while before. It was dragged, naked, from the blanket where it lay, and thrown into a hole, dug in the court-yard for the reception of those who should die in the prison.

This spectacle was too much for my mother to behold without loss of reason. With these eyes I beheld my mother frantic and desperate. I saw her tear her clothes, and her ravings still sound in my ears. With these eyes I beheld her lie down upon that hard and tattered bed whence my father had lately been dragged: I saw her lie down and expire!

Good heaven!....But I meant not to repeat this tale to you. Forgive me; you have sorrow enough of your own, and I benefit not myself by reviving these images.

This artless tale had a powerful effect upon Haywood. It made his eyes overflow with compassion, and awakened a lively interest in my welfare. He offered me accommodation in his house, and a pecuniary recompence for my assistance in keeping and arranging his accounts; and his offer was eagerly and gratefully accepted.

I lived with him four months. During this period I was a near spectator of his manners and habits. So far as I could judge, they were free from reproach, and full of dignity. Me he treated with familiarity, and almost with tenderness; and I, in my turn, was not deficient in fidelity and gratitude. My situation made me somewhat acquainted with the state of his affairs, and afforded scope for that observation which my youth and my intellectual activity naturally prompted me to make; and yet my knowledge was vague and incomplete; consisting merely of conjecture and inference, and not the fruit of direct communication from him.

I found, or at least conjectured, that he was a native of Pennsylvania; that he had married at an early age; that he had gone, shortly after marriage, to Europe; that his wife, during his absence, had died; and this connection, in some way inauspicious, being thus dissolved, he returned to New-York, where he had not long resided when we first met.

I also discovered that he was making court to a woman of that city, young, beautiful, and possessed of many intellectual accomplishments, though without fortune. As the bearer of a note from him, I had once an opportunity of seeing this lady. Her deportment and mein fully justified the prepossessions I had formed respecting her, and I had good grounds for believing that marriage was at no great distance. At length I collected, by accident, that the bridal day was fixed.

The deportment of my friend announced his approaching felicity. Yet his joy was sedate, and occasionally mingled and chastised by some untoward, but undiscovered care. A cloud would sometimes gather on his brow at moments of loneliness, or when my occupation, though in the same apartment, left him, in some sense, alone. The cloud was transient, and I saw no D in his destiny but serenity and brightnes. Alas! the prospect was quickly obscured.

One evening, about a week prior to his nuptial day, some out-of-door engagement had occasioned me to spend much of the day abroad. I returned home late in the evening; I inqired for Mr. Haywood, but was told that he was absent. His evenings being usually devoted to his mistress, his absence created no surprize. The servant added, that a gentleman had been waiting in the drawing-room, during more than an hour, for his master's return.

Imagining that, possibly, I might answer this visitor's purposes as well as Haywood, I went into the room. There were two lights on the mantle-tree, and the stranger was walking to and fro, with an air of much impatience and anxiety. He looked up eagerly at my entrance; but seeing who it was, withdrew his eyes in seeming disappointment, and resumed his pace.

These appearances, so wholly unlike what I had been accustomed to observe in those whose visits to my patron were prompted by mere business, that I was abashed, and was discouraged from addressing him. I quietly seated myself at a writing-desk, and began, according to my custom, to enter, in a little volume that I bore about me, the transactions of the day. While thus employed, I found time to steal glances at the visitant, and accurately to note his features and gestures. They were of a kind to raise all my curiosity, and fasten all my attention. They denoted habitual passions, lofty but vehement, and thoughts, at this time, full of perturbation and impatience. Seen in a strong light, and impassioned as it then was, his countenance sunk deep into my fancy, and never shall I cease to view it with as much distinctness and vividness as when it was before me.

My fingers trembled, the pen lost its regularity, and I merely scribbled at random, as affording opportunity of viewing this scene without being noticed by him. A thousand vague terrors and surmises crept into my heart, when I considered these impetuous but stifled feelings, as preludes to an interview with Haywood.

My mind quickly found other occupation. A step was heard in the entry, and a voice inquiring of the servant for me. The stranger checked his pace: he stood upon the hearth: he trembled, and, covering his eyes with his hands, muttered, scarcely articulately, "My God! assist me to keep down—"

Haywood entered the room, and his

sitor turned quickly and approached him. My pen dropped, and I started up, involuntarily, to behold this scene. No sooner had Haywood cast his eyes upon the stranger, than they sunk to the floor. A blush of surprize, indignation, and horror spread itself over his face. Both, for some moments, were silent; the pause seemed to rise, on the stranger's part, from the overflow of boiling passions, which choacked his utterance. At length he spoke, falteringly:

"Haywood I have found you at last. After the pursuit of years, you are met, and I am satisfied. Walk out with me: this is no place: the means are already provided: all we want is solitude and uninterruption."

"What would you have?" said the other hesitatingly.

"What? Can you ask? Villain, seducer, and assassin! Can you ask what? Vengeance for my sister's honour, for the blood of my friend, I demand and will have. Walk with me—all will be dispatched in twenty minutes."

"You have been to—Miss Addington," said the other.

"Ah ha!" replied the stranger, while his eyes sparkled with triumph, "I see you have already, in part, reaped the fruits of your crime. You have been with that devoted lady, whom, I thank God, I have come time enough to save from the fangs of a tyger. I have disclosed to her your past deeds, and painted your genuine character in colours which you will never efface.

Haywood's eyes flashed indignation. "I see you can be unjust in your turn. I have injured you, but did not merit THIS act of vengeance. Go before—you may lead me where you please."

Without more words, or deigning in the least to notice me, they left the room and the house together.

You will imagine with what trepidation and wonder I was inspired by a scene like this. It was unexpected and terrible. They had gone for a purpose easily divined. The interview brought about by such inveterate animosity, would not end but with the death of one of them. It was not in my power to avert the evil.

The guilt of seduction and blood rested on the head of Haywood. He had confessed the truth of the accusation, and had gone forth, perhaps, to perpetrate, or be the subject of an act which the world will excuse, though, in the eye of unprejudiced observers, nefarious and detestable.

Was it possible that such an one as Haywood had so long appeared, had been the destroyer of virgin innocence? Could he thus repel vengeance with vengeace, and not hasten, by contrition or reparation, to compensate for past misdeeds?

I was unable to go to bed. I waited in the parlour in the imperfect hope of Haywood's return. I had no curiosity which Haywood would condescend to satisfy. I had been a neglected and unthought-of witness of an interview big with tremenduous consequences; but my presence would be remembered, and my agency be, in some way, necessary. I could not sleep till the event were known.

Occupied with these turbulent thoughts, two hours elapsed. At the end of this period, Haywood entered the house, and came directly to the room where I was. I darted inquisitive glances at his countenance. I saw there nothing but tokens of confusion and dismay. He appeared to be harrassed with fatigue. His cheeks were pale, his eyes haggard, and two hours had wrought a change in his appearance similar to the effect produced by a long sickness.

He was totally absorbed in reverie, and, seating himself near the fire, appeared unconscious of my existence, or that of the surrounding objects. I was powerfully tempted to break the silence; but what could I say? A stripling like me, raw and unexperienced, was but ill adapted to be the monitor or counsellor on occasions like these. Besides, my advice was not required; my consolation was despised; my very existence was forgotten.

After a time he rose, and without speaking, withdrew to his chamber. After extinguishing the fires, and drawing the bolts, I followed his example. I went to my chamber, but not to sleep. My province was to ruminate on this mysterious incident, the features and deportment of the stranger, and the fearful but unknown consequences of this meeting. Miss Addington was the lady to whom Haywood was contracted. The stranger, apprised of his connection, had visited her, and wrought a breach between the lovers which no time would probably repair. Haywood doated on this lovely woman, and his love was amply returned. One disastrous event had been sufficient to turn that love into hatred and resentment, and perhaps, to sever them forever.

These thoughts effectually excluded sleep, and I rose earlier than usual in the morning. I went into the room appropriated for writing, and my eyes instantly lighted on a pacquet, directed to me, in Mr. Haywood's hand writing, and lying on the desk. I opened it with a misgiving heart, and read these words:

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DUC DE BIRON.

[From the (London) Monthly Magazine.]

PERHAPS, in the pages of biography, there never has yet appeared a more romantic or amiable character than that which was exhibited by this unfortunate nobleman. Born to the possession of illustrious rank, and educated in the most polished court of Europe; the idol of its women, the example for its men; it is not singular that his mind should have been strongly tinctured with a taste for chivalry.

Early in life the Duc de Biron conceived a marked prediliction in favour of the English nation; every subordinate sensation, originating in self-love, or springing from the contracted source of national prejudice, was beneath the dignity and ingenuousness of his mind. He was an observer of nature; he traced the progress of her influence on the human heart, and he discovered that its expansion is always proportionate to the liberty it possesses of exercising its noblest energies. France was then in a state of degrading subjection; England was the favoured seat of freedom. The duke being, at that period, less affluent than noble, less economical than generous, about five and twenty years ago established his residence in this country.

He chose his abode in St. Alban's-street, Pall-mall; where he very speedily adopted both private manners and public opinions completely English. He consequently enlaged the scale of his acquaintance, and became so popular, that his society was courted, not only in the most illustrious, but in the most enlightened circles.

This nobleman then bore the title of Duke de Lauzun. His person was manly and prepossing; his countenance pleasing and benignant; his conversation lively, interesting, and well informed; and his temper so irresistably fascinating, that he seldom was known to lose the affections of those with whom he had once lived on terms of sociability.

Lauzun was an admirer of literature and the fine arts; he wrote with elegance and feeling on subjects wherein the heart was his monitor; and with classical propriety when matters of worldly import formed the tenour of his letters. If he evinced a fault, or rather a defect of nature, it was that of a portion of vanity, which sometimes contributed to diffuse a shade over the brighter features of his character. But his excessive sensibility, united to a fervid imagination, probably led him beyond

the boundaries of judgment, and awakened in his mind a spirit little less vivid than that of the most romantic heroes of antiquity.

During his residence in England, he became enamoured of a lady, at that time one of the most beautiful in the courdly circle. Unfortunately, she was married. Lauzun, with a spirit of gallantry refined by an enthusiastic sense of honour, worshipped the object of his idolatry in silent regret. But love is lynx-eyed; and the accomplished victor sanctioned a pure and sacred intercourse of soul, which, by turns, ameliorated and embittered the destiny of her adorer.

Few men are capable of entertaining, and still fewer women of inspiring, a passion which reason and refinement have power to divest of its grosser propensities. But Lauzun was not commonly organized; he was an enthusiast of every thing estimable in the softer sex, and an example of all that was dignified in his own. Every thing that we read of in romance, falls short of the ardour which actuated his mind when it once became influenced by a beloved object.

After many months had passed away in this Platonic attachment, some untoward circumstances produced a sudden separation; circumstances no less agonizing to Lauzun's heart, than unexpected in the fashionable circles. The consequence was, the lady's immediately quitting the metropolis, and fixing her retirement in the wilds of a sister kingdom.

Lauzun's despair was undiscribable! He experienced all the miseries of that gloomy vacuum which succeeds the interest of a warm and generous passion. He resigned himself, for a time, to the excess of melancholy; and, after vainly endeavouring to shake off the spell, which seemed to fasten on his faculties, devoted to regrets the most poignant, to sensations the most afflicting, he again repaired to his native country. There he continued to reside under the immediate protection of his venerable uncle, then Duc de Biron, whose fortune and title he afterwards inherited.

Lauzun was the darling of society, the ornament of the French court, and the distinguished favourite of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. But let it not be supposed that the kindness shewn towards this amiable nobleman originated in any motive but a liberal desire to patronize and to promote superior qualifications. Lazun was a soldier, as well as an accomplised gentleman; he was no less enterprizing than polished; no less enlightened than liberal. Antoinette, amidst all the errors that, perhaps, malice has ascribed to her, knew how to discriminate with judgment, while she rewarded with munificence.

During the early periods of the American war, Lauzun was prevailed upon, by family influence, to form a matrimonial alliance. Interest was the unsteady basis on which a soul, replete with all the sensibilities of refinement, was to build its fabric of domestic happiness. His relatives urged the union, as both honourable and lucrative; and Lauzun being, at that time, less opulent than high born; more pliant than provident of his own felicity; repeatedly solicited by his uncle, whose influence was boundless, and whom he loved with the affection of a son, he at last consented. Even at this interesting and important epocha of human existence, Lauzun was too brilliantly enlightened to admit the very shadow of deception. The day previous to his marriage, he candidly avowed the real state of his heart, and confessed, without reserve, that the bonds of honour, the chain of family connection, and the policy of convenience, not the softer fetters of affection, would unite them.

Superior minds will condemn the plea of such an union; and refined natures will shudder at such a sordid sacrifice; but marriages of this kind were perpetually solemnized in France; and very frequently such contracts were ratified by parents, even before the contracted parties were personally known to each other. This was not one of the least violations of liberty which operated powerfully in promoting, and, at length, in accomplishing, the French revolution.

The Dutchesse was remarkably deficient in personal graces; though nature had bestowed on her the powers of receiving a considerable degree of mental cultivation. The avowed indifference which subsisted between them, naturally produced a languor of mind, which was wholly inimical to domestic happiness: mutual neglect soon gave birth to mutual disgust: and, after a few months had tediously elapsed in a series of constrained civilities, they parted.

Shortly after their separation, Lauzun was ordered, with his regiment, to America. It was now that the ardour of his soul blazed forth unstified: he panted for glory; he sighed for military distinction; he was eager to entwine the laurel of victory with the insignia of nobility. But Lauzun was destined through life to be the vassel of his sensibility; and the more delicate, the more refined passions of his heart perpetually interrrupted his progress towards fame.

(To be Continued.)

PASSAGES TRANSCRIBED
FROM
BURNS'S LETTERS.*
By John Evans, A. M.

THE appellation of a SCOTTISH BARD is by far my highest pride; to continue to deserve it is my most exalted ambition. Scottish scenes and Scottish stories are the themes I could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unplagued with the routine of business, for which, heaven knows, I am unfit enough, to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles....to wander on the romantic banks of the rivers....and to muse by the stately towers, or venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes!

The most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition, a warm heart gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me, vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage, by a more than commonly handsome figure, these, I think, in a woman, may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page, but the scriptures of the *Old* and *New-Testament*, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a penny-pay wedding.

I am out of all patience with this vile world for one thing. Mankind are by nature benevolent creatures, except in a few scoundrelly instances. I do not think that avarice of the good things we chance to have, is born with us; but we are placed here among so much nakedness and hunger, and poverty and want, that we are under a necessity of studying selfishness, in order that we may exist! Still there are, in every age, a few souls that all the wants and woes of life cannot debase into selfishness, or even to the necessary alloy of caution and prudence. If ever I am *in* danger of vanity, it is when I contemplate myself on this side of my description and character. God knows, I am no saint; I have a whole host of follies and sins to answer for; but if I could, and I believe I do as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from all eyes. Adieu!

What, my dear C. is there in riches, that they narrow and harden the heart so? I think that were I as rich as the sun, I should be as generous as the day, but as I have no reason to imagine my soul a nobler

* It was the opinion of Dr. Robertson, the celebrated Historian, that the prose of Burns was still more extraordinary than even his poetry.

one than any other man's, I must conclude that wealth imparts a bird-lime quality to the possessor, at which the man in his native poverty would have revolted.

Voyages.

[From Le Chevalier's Voyage to the Propontis.]

On my visit to the fort of Rodosto, I was witness to a scene, which may give some idea of the despotism of a conquering over a conquered people. Two small boats were sailing towards the shore, at a nearly equal distance from it, and seeming to contend which should reach it first. One was manned by Turks, and the other by Greeks. The bowsprit of the Turkish vessel having got foul of the rigging of the Grecian boat, a Greek sailor ran forward to disengage it; when the master of the Turkish boat got up in a rage, and, laying hold of an oar, knocked down the Greek with it, who suffered himself to be killed without offering the least resistance.

Travels.

MISERABLE STATE OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

[From Travels into Greece, by Dr. Stephanopoli.]

If a Greek appears in a rich habit, the lowest Turk will take out his knife and cut it in pieces. Throughout Romelia, a Greek male child is no sooner born, than the first Turk who hears of it sends his handkerchief to the father, and from that moment the child is his slave: if the father refuses the handkerchief, the Turk soon finds out a method of ruining both father and child.

A Turk, however low, considers every Greek whom he meets as being at his command, and orders him to do whatever he pleases. A Greek islander was lately measuring out some corn from his boat; a Turk on the pier ordered him to fetch fire to light his pipe: the Greek stopped to fill his sack, which wanted very little of being full; and the Turk, because he did not instantly obey him, shot him dead.

A late sultan having made a law that no christian should have any red in their clothing, walked the streets of Constantinople in disguise, in order to hunt out offenders; and his followers struck off the heads of all persons who were found in the least to transgress his orders. A shoemaker's lad sat on his stall, working and singing, with a red cap on his head; the sultan no sooner saw it, than head and cap were whirled off together. Ali Bey kidnapped eleven Greeks from Tripolezza, and had them impaled, to avenge himself of an insult he had received from the pacha of that district.

Stravachi, a Greek, while a sort of intendant to the Beys of Wallachia and Transylvania, accumulated a large fortune. Repeated vexations, which his wealth had brought upon him, induced him to present himself before the grand seignior, whom he thus addressed:...." Please your highness, I am worth twelve millions of piastres; I have no child; thou shalt be my heir: guarantee my fortune to me for my life." The sultan, pleased with the offer, laid his hand on *Stravachi's* shoulder, and said, " Enjoy thy fortune in safety." For some years he was unmolested: but, at last, they thought that he lived too long; they accused him to the sultan of intending to escape, with his treasure, to Russia: a decree of death was obtained against him, and he was instantly hung.

At Naples, in Romania, they have this law, which is most religiously observed: that whoever sees a Greek ill-treated, struck, and overpowered, and gives him succour, is unworthy the name of a mussulman, and is cursed of the prophet. So far, indeed, are they from lending assistance, that when they see a mangled victim fall and expire, they cry out, *bravo! bravo!*

New-York,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1801.

☞ Such of our subscribers as hav not been regularly served, from the first number to the present time, are requested to make known their deficiencies to the carrier. The first edition being out of print, a second has been put to press. The first number is reprinted; and the other numbers will shortly appear.

ENIGMAS FOR SOLUTION.

BY J. F.

1.

My first is to my second useful found,
My second governs all the globe around,
My third's a proof my second skill to be,
My whole's an art of great dexterity.

2.

Two sevenths of my whole is masculine,
Another add....you make it feminine:
Still add another, and a man is found,
For plans ambitious, and for war renown'd.
Then put me all together, and you find
A female of a more than female mind.

3.

Of a vehicle, please take a part,
And three-fourths of a political sect,
With a vowel between....'twill impart
What many each month do expect.

Amusements.

THEATRICAL.

A comedy, called Life, by Mr. Reynolds, was got up and performed at our Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Tyler, towards the close of the last season, and received with every token of real approbation.

The plot gains its interest from the misfortunes of the family of the Marchmonts. Mr. Marchmont having married the daughter of Mr. Primitive, without his consent, the two first years, however, of their union are passed with all the joys attendant on mutual love, during which time they are blessed by the birth of Rosa; but

" Bliss too mighty long to last,"

is here exemplified, for, with the third year, comes the demon poverty, and imbitters all their hopes; in this state of distress Primitive is applied to by his daughter, on whom he bestows temporary assistance, and at the same time disclaims her for ever; in this dilemma Marchmont, in his frenzy of desperation, plunges into every

species of dissipation, and at last quits his wife and child. Mrs. Marchmont, reduced to the utmost distress, goes to Switzerland, having previously placed her child under the protection of a friend. Marchmont, hurt with the reflection of his past conduct, returns, recovers his daughter, whom he endeavours to support by his literary talents. Expecting to derive considerable advantage from a work he is about to publish, he advertises for a governess to instruct his daughter Rosa in music and drawing. Mrs. Marchmont about this time returns from Switzerland, and applies for the situation of teacher, which application leads to many interesting incidents. In disguise she offers to Marchmont, for his opinion, a manuscript in the manner of a romance, which contains a detail of the hardships she has endured; the termination of this scene is truly interesting. Primitive, after an absence of thirty years from his country, returns, and determines making Gabriel Lackbrain his heir; but seeing his error, in forsaking his daughter, son-in-law, and grand-daughter, and convinced of his duty and their worth, finding Gabriel Lackbrain unworthy his protection, resolves on a reconciliation, which is effected, and the piece concludes by his consent to the union of Rosa and Sir Harry Torpid, who had shown considerable attention to the Marchmont family in distress.

This comedy may, with justice, be deemed the most interesting and best finished production of Mr. Reynolds's muse, abounding with spirited humour and epigrammatic point. The fashionable vices of the day are censured with great ability, and exposed to ridicule and contempt; and, although the laugh is frequetly excited, in the more pathetic scenes the tear is not to be withheld. In this particular instance the author has far exceeded his former efforts; and though some trifling inconsistencies and occasional severities might, in the course of the piece, be pointed out, it would be rather bordering on ill-nature to do so, when, upon the whole, we find so much to admire and applaud. The following are the concluding lines:

"You who can save, or kill us with a breath,
Stamp our existence....dont put life to death:
Impatient here we meet your dread commands....
So let us live, for life is in your hands."

THE Summer Theatre, in Mount-Vernon-Garden, was opened late in July, under the direction of Mr. Hodgkinson. The abilities which this gentleman possesses are too well known to need commendation. His rare talents at pleasing were, perhaps, never more successfully exerted than during this season. This Theatre was closed on the 28th of September, with the comedy of "The Irishman in London," for the benefit of Mr. Simpson, and Miss E. A. Westray. It is with regret we mention, that this city is deprived of the estimable services of Mr. Hodgkinson, for a short time, while he is tasting the sweets of retirement at Melmouth-Dale, on Long-Island.

We are informed, from good authority, that the Theatre (Park), will be opened on the 19th inst. with Holcroft's elegant comedy of "The Road to Ruin." All our best comedians will again come forward to receive the smiles and approbation of the public. We have not, as yet, heard that our boards will be visited by any new hero or heroine. The votaries of THALIA must needs exert themselves this season, to do away the effects of MELPOMENE, who is ever nigh.

THE GARDENS.

COLUMBIA-GARDEN was opened on the 1st of April. To the gloom of Winter succeeds the bloom of Spring. The vernal months disclose to our view, all the beauties of Nature and Art. The house is forsaken for the battery....the battery for the garden. This delightful retreat continued open till the 1st of October. Its brilliant appearance....the concerts....transparencies, and the busts of eminent heroes and authors that are exhibited, are pleasing to the eye, and grateful to the heart.

VAUXHALL-GARDEN.

MUCH praise is certainly due Mr. De la Croix for his unremitted exertions to please. This gentleman has certainly contributed more to the amusement of our citizens than any that have yet come forward as candidates for applause. It was he who established the first Garden in this city, in the rear of his house, in Broadway. "Vauxhall" became a fashionable resort; which was soon followed by the establishment of another, near the battery, entitled "Rainleigh;" so that the Cockney, instead of landing in a rude, unpolished country, found himself quite at home, and surrounded by friends in the midst of Vauxhall and Rainleigh. Since this, Mr. De la Croix has established, within the suburbs of the city, his present garden. Its great extent....its elegant squares....the abundance of fruit-trees....the regularity of the summer-houses....its brilliant appearance....its thousand burning lamps, exhibiting a great variety of colours ....the transparencies....the concerts, and the fire-works, strike the eye of the beholders with amazement and delight.

MOUNT-VERNON-GARDEN,

THE name of which gives a pleasing sensation, is a resort for instruction, and rational amusement. The plan of this garden differs from all others; and is, of all others, of the most utility. Mr. Corrie exhibited no common taste, when he displayed to his audience a theatrical representation, exclusive of the common amusements we find in other gardens. We are much pleased with the plan; and no doubt he is of its effects.

UNITED-STATES-GARDEN.

THIS has been fitted up, and dubbed with a title, by M. Collet, within a few months past. He has had several concerts during the summer; and people, from novelty, have visited him. This garden is much inferior, in point of brilliance, elegance, or accommodation, to either of the others.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. GILBERT HAIGHT to Miss ALICE MARY BALL, both of this city.

On Thursday evening the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. PHILIP HONE, merchant, to Miss CATHARINE DUNSCOMB, daughter of the late Daniel Dunscomb, all of this city.

DIED,

Of a dropsy, on Saturday evening last, much lamented, Mr. OLIVER MILDEBERGER, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Monday last, after a short illness, Mr. DAVID HORD, late master of the ship Suffolk, of this port.

On Monday afternoon, after a short illness Mr. ELIJAH JARVIS, of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 1st. inst. after a short illness, Dr. JAMES CHURCH, Proprietor of the Cough Drops, Billious Pills, Botanical Tea, and a number of other Medicines.

On Thursday, the 1st inst. much lamented by his friends and acquaintances, Mr. GAVIN HALLIDAY, of this city, late of the island of Tobago, in the West-Indies.

On Friday, the 2d, inst. after a lingering illness, JOHN I. JOHNSON, Esq. Attorney at Law.

On Monday evening, after a short illness, Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL, an eminent teacher.

Same evening, Miss BYRNE, daughter of Mr. James Byrne.

At Charleston, on Friday evening the 18th ult. SETH PAINE, Esq. Printer, of the late firm of Freneau and Paine.

Parnassian Garland.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WANDERING STRANGER.

FAR from each dear, domestic scene,
From each lov'd object torn away,
Far! far! from Annan's verdant banks
I pensive, sad and sighing, stray.
Still *ruminating on my* fate,
Through unknown lands I joyless roam,
No hand to help, no nymph to cheer,
Or call the wand'ring stranger home.
Tho' guiltless of intended crimes,
Yet not, perhaps, from censure free,
I bade my native vales farewell,
And left a land *too good* for me.
Now, quite forlorn and lost, I rove;
No pitying friend, no social dome,
No generous soul to sooth my grief,
Or call the wand'ring stranger home.
Ye sordid sons of wealth and power
Who bask in fate's propitious beams,
On whom misfortunes never low'r
Or feel blind *fortune* in extremes.
While round the festive board ye sit
Where circling goblets sparkling foam,
Oh! think what grief the heart assails
Of the poor stranger far from *home*. S.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE REPLY.

YOU ask'd me, Bella, "What is love?
Why 'tis pow'r from Heav'n above:
'Tis something that excites within,
By pedants construed into sin,
An unextinguishable fire,
Refining ev'ry rude desire,
Which beauty will the most inspire.
Most paradoxical in kind,
It pleases while it racks the mind:
In lightning thro' our eyes it breaks,
Glows in deep blushes o'er our cheeks,
And in our looks and actions speaks;
A passion which we oft conceal,
A passion we could fain reveal,
Which none but lovers ever feel.
Love, youthful poets have confest
The ruling passion of the breast,
By all enjoy'd, by none express'd,
Its empire holds o'er ev'ry part,
And sits enthron'd within the heart,
Daring dangers, fearing no man
Invincible to all but....woman.
We feel it throb at ev'ry kiss,
And own it is the source of bliss.
Now I've told you all I can,
Except that he's the happiest man,
Who'll have it in his power to prove
The strength of Isabella's love.

THE MISER.

MISER! why countest thou thy treasure?
Thy ill-got hoards of paltry gold!
Hast thou a throb of secret pleasue,
When conscience whispers, soft and slow,
"These are the spoils that from oppression flow,
"For which thy fame is sold!"

Why dost thou doat on useless ore?
Thou hast no joy in all thy wealth!
Thou never heard'st the simple poor
Bless thy benevolence, and cry,
While gratitude illumes the uprais'd eye,
"Heav'n grant thee years of *health!*"

Why dost thou, in the gloom of night,
While loud the tempest rages wide,
Tremble with horror's cold affright?
And, grasping ev'ry shining woe,
To some dark nook, with fault'ring footsteps go,
The useless heaps to hide?

Dost thou not hear the thunder's voice,
Reproving heav'n's just vengeance, speak?
Dost thou not hear the fiends rejoice,
While on thy tott'ring roof obscure,
The tears of outrag'd nature, whelming pour,
To chill thy wither'd cheek?

See thy lean frame, thy sunken eyes,
Behold the victor death, and know,
That when the wretched *miser* dies,
No bosom pities....on his tomb,
No graceful wreath of spring shall ever bloom,
No tear of *friendship* flow!

Forgotten! or, if not, abhorr'd,
Can all thy treasures, left behind,
Bid *memory* thy toil reward,
Or meek religion breathe to heav'n
One pray'r that thou may'st ever be forgiv'n,
O! *miscreant unkind!*

Thou, who would'st lie belov'd, caress
Let sweet humanity be giv'n
By *thee*, to e'en a *foe* distress'd;
But when the child of virtue sighs,
When genius to the *open threshold* flies
Know, 'tis the *path* to *heav'n*.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN,

OR THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY: A FABLE.

"YOUNG WOMEN!....don't be fond of *killing*.
Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm,
Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every swain with love's alarm.
Yet, yet if PRUDENCE be not near,
Its *snow* may melt into a *tear*.

The dimpled smile and pouting lip,
With little cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures I own:
But ah! if PRUDENCE be not nigh,
Those lips where all the CUPIDS lie,
May give a passage to a *groan*.

A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging round her rich perfume,
Her for to public notice pushing,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a *strawberry* below,
Beneath a leaf in secret blushing.
"*Miss strawberry*," exclaim'd the *rose*,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows?
"What is a charm if never seen?
"You really are a pretty creature:
"Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?
"Come up and shew your modest mein."

"*Miss Rose*," the *Strawberry* replied,
"I never did possess a pride,
"That wish'd to *dash* the public eye.
"Indeed I own I am *afraid*,
"Think there's safety in the *shade*;
"*Ambition* causes many a sigh."

"Go, simple child," the *Rose* rejoin'd,
"See how I wanton in the wind:
"I feel not danger's dread alarms:
"And then observe the *god* of day,
"How amorous with his golden ray,
"To pay his visits to *my* charm!"

No sooner said, but with a scream,
She started from her favourite theme,
A clown had on her fix'd his *pat*;
In vain she screech'd....*Hob* did but smile,
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat!!!"

JUSTICE.

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just:
And he but naked (tho' lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with unjustice is corrupted.

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And sits enthron'd within the heart,
Daring dangers, fearing no man
Invincible to all but....woman.
We feel it throb at ev'ry kiss,
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No graceful wreath of spring shall ever bloom,
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Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every swain with love's alarm.
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The dimpled smile and pouting lip,
With little cupids nectar sip,
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